# The Greeks and Trojans Wars.

Cauſed by that Wanton Knight, Sir Paris,
Who raviſhes Hellen, and her to Troy carries;
The Greeks in revenge (and to fetch her again)
A mighty great army do quickly ordain:
Imagine you ſee them beſiedging old Troy,
Which after ten years they at th' laſt deſtroy.
With a Fit alluſion, before the Concluſion.
Tune is, A *conſcionable Caviat.*

OF Greece and Troy I ſhall you tell,
What cruel Wars betwixt them fell;
Paris was Author of the ſame,
For plundring of the Grecian Dame:
he raviſht her,
and to Troy brought her,
this you know,
but that ſhort meaſure,
of fond pleaſure,
Cauſ'd great Ilimus overthrow.
For when the Grecians heard the ſame,
Their hearts with ire began to flame;
They counſel took and did decree,
To raiſe an Army ſpedily,
to fetch that peece,
fair Hellen of Greece,
back again:
or elſe the gallant,
Grecians valiant,
By the Trojans muſt be ſlain.

Achilles he was in diſguiſe,
When firſt he heard of this enterpriſe,
He Lady like, with a Lady lay,
Until her belly did them both betray;
away fond Lads,
for I from hence muſt paſs,
unto Troy:
but her note ſtill is,
dear Achilles,
Stay with me my only joy.
Wilt thou be gone and leave me ſo,
Unto the Trojan Wars to go,
If thou with me wilt ſtay behind,
Here thou ſhalt entertainment find,
fond fool avoid,
for I muſt be imploy'd,
out of hand:
for the inraged,
Greeks ingaged,
All march under my command.

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# The second Part, to the same Tune.

My dear Achilles, then said she,
Alas, what shall become of me;
My heart thy love hath set on fire,
I gave to thee what thou didst desire?
vaunt foolish Girl,
bright honour is the pearl
I must seek:
wanton courting,
idle sporting,
Fits not now a valiant Greek.
Thou knowst Sweet-heart I am with-child,
Thy flattering tongue hath me beguil'd;
Why then from me wilt thou depart,
And leave my breast without a heart:
cease complement,
for now my mind is bent
other ways:
such enjoyment
is imployment,
Fit for idle peaceful days.
Ulisses would seem mad cause he
Would stay with his Penelope:
But no illusions must take place,
Though millions die for one fair face;
it shall be seen,
their Lacedemons Queen,
whom that Boy
violated,
shall be rated
At the price of Greece or Troy.
If Sir (said she) one face hath force
To raise so many foot and horse;
Why may not mine, prais'd oft by you,
Have power to keep what is my due?
plead not thy face,
their's difference in the case
very great?
our Monarchal
light, were dark all,
Should we wink at this defeat,
Let noble Brittains notice take,
Of this allusion which 'is make:
Imagine all the power of Greece,
To fetch great Agamemnons Neece;
are sacking Troy,
which they at last destroy
utterly:
they will fetch her,
from her Letcher
By all this extreamity.
Ireland is our Hellen fair,
Ravisht from us, through want of care;
The Paris that hath done this rape,
Is fond security (that Ape)
as now you hear,
Achilles with his dear
will not stay:
if Mars summon,
no fond Woman
Can a Souldiers soul betray.
So let brave English Souldiers seek,
For President that gallant Greek,
Let's leave our toys, which slaves retard,
And to our honour have regard:
Ireland doth shake
our honour at the stake
lies ingaged:
'tis our Hellen
stoln by a Villain,
Fall on him like Greeks inrag'd.
Let all home-bred strife alone,
And as the Greeks all joyn'd in one,
Their loss and honour to repair,
Let their examples be our care.
and never leave,
until that we receive
for our pains,
death or honour,
when we have won her,
We shall find sufficient gains.

FINIS.

Printed for F. Coles, T. VeWright, and I. Clarke....